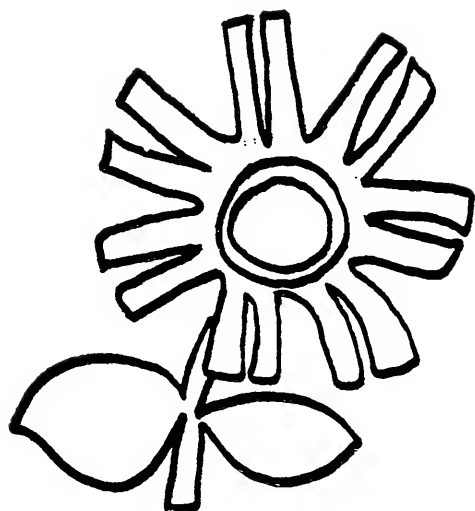


IVY LEAVES

1971

SPRING



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IVY LEAVES

Vol. VII

SPRING 1971

No. 15

EDITORIAL

"Man has three ways of acting wisely: Firstly, on meditation, This is the Noblest; Secondly, on imitation, This is the easiest, and Thirdly, on experience, This is the bitterest." — Confucius

Within the pages of the spring 1971 IVY LEAVES are expressions of meditation, imitation, and experience — expressions of sorrow, joy, love, hate, anger, beauty, anguish. The subjects of literary inspiration can run the gamut of human experience. Perhaps there are here no masterpieces destined to capture the Pulitzer prize. Perhaps, on the other hand, here lie the beginnings of literary genius. Most importantly, these expressions are offered as honest observations, some joyous, some painful. Read with compassion, for these are outpourings of souls closely akin to yours; may some note touch the strings of your mind and heart to initiate a symphony of thought within you.

STUDENT EDITORIAL COMMITTEE: Gary Arflin, Denise Dias,
Wayne Ford, Nancy Vandiver

STUDENT ART COMMITTEE: Phil Owens, Roger Sanford

FACULTY EDITORIAL COMMITTEE: Elaine Compton, Dennis James,
Margaret Wooten

FACULTY STAFF: Elaine Compton, Faye Cowan, Dennis James,
Marietta McCown, Robert S. Moore,
W. F. West, Margaret Wooten.

ENVIRONMENT

Grandfather's grandfather from North Carolina went
With wife, toddling daughter, and infant son.
The infant son in Kentucky to manhood grew
And became the father of grandfather mine.
My grandfather, in the Union Army,
A youth with Sherman, ravaged the South.
Now, I, the grandson of this Yankee devil,
Endeavor to inculcate learning, belles-lettres,
The humanities, and patriotism in the Youth
Of the Carolinas from which grandsire's
Grandfather emigrated long ago.
Where one is born, lives, imbibes ideas,
Acquires **mores** seems to make a difference.

Robert S. Moore

"KENTUCKY KING"

A Tribute to Robert S. Moore

Robert had some lovely urchins,
Their respect for him did grow,
And all the poems that he recited,
Would set their hearts aglow.
He sang to them at school one day,
Which wasn't against the rule;
He made his children laugh and learn,
Because humor was his tool.
And so his age did turn him out,
But his impressions remain alive;
Because old professors never die,
They fade away to 2601 Pope Drive.

Fred McCown

AN OBSERVATION

A blanket of humanism spreads over mankind.
This mighty man who sets himself up
as a little god, shakes his temporary fist
at the stars, defies the universe, and even
God himself . . . all for a little while
in which he believes he can conquer
. . . . and then he dies.
His eyes give way to mere dust, and
his arrogant mouth rots away into
external silence.

And what has he accomplished?
He has been no one—simply a drop
of water in the glass of all the masses of men.

What has he done to be remembered?

D. Gayle Johnson

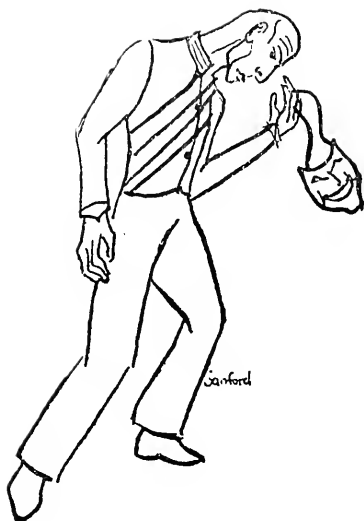
SOME DAY

Some day I'll give all my life
Just God, as I vowed I **would**.
Some day I'll walk all the walk
Just as I know I **should**.
Yes,, I'll be all the things I ever said,
You'll see, God, you'll see **then**
Strange my conscience, strange indeed.
Believe ye not, why ask ye; But when, But **when**.
Yes, I intend, I intend, and I believe
This downward hell-bound road of selfish greed
When having taught me all, my exit then shall yield
That yet I may pave that holy road and that at double speed.
Larry Dyer

TO BELIEVE

If I must become, as before His death I could not
Then surely this I say;
God supreme fell victim of Satan's plot
All my sin His blood did not put away.
For here 'tis so many stumbled at offense
In unbelief have failed to see.
All sin He uprooted and cast it hence;
Perfect, complete, new creation now will be.
Steadfast, rooted in love must I be,
As Christ Jesus I received.
Made perfect and complete in Thee
A believer who dared believe.

Larry Dyer



MASKS

Sometimes when my eyelids sting with unshed tears,
I wonder . . .

How many other smiling faces I see are masks?

Kim Heacock

WHERE DO I BEGIN?

Sometimes at night when I lie awake,
I just can't help thinking about
What will happen to my life.
So soon I must decide, where do I begin!
The sun will soon be rising,
Bringing forth another day,
That I just have to live.
So soon I must decide, where do I begin!
Some folks live from day to day,
Not caring about the future.
What do they have to show?
Nothing. That's why I must decide,
Where do I begin!
Why they do it, I just don't know,
Cause it makes no sense to me.
For their trouble they show nothing,
Or a single thing that I don't have.
So now I must decide,
Where do I begin.

Jim Jones

THOUGHTS

Thoughts of mine . . .
Some raging as a river surging onward
Or as trivial as a calm, cool mountain stream trickling downward,
Or as still as a stagnant pond,
While others thunder as the ocean surf
That pounds upon the beaded shore.
All are varied in degree,
Yet each shares this common characteristic . . .
I, alone, have the capacity to think them,
And no one else, but I, knows of them.
Private me.

Mary McCaskill

FOREVER BOUND

I feel bound.
But no chains are on my ankles.
No cell am I in.
There is no four-walled,
locked-door room.
A guard does not keep me in,
But still I feel as if I am bound.
What is holding me?
There is no physical barrier,
But I cannot escape.
I am bound to myself . . .
But I cannot escape.
I must live with me,
Forever . . . never escaping.
With my mind and with my body forever . . .
never leaving.

Jimmy King

LOVE

Love
is
like
a
river,
That is so deep and fast flowing—
That
most
drown.

Sally Arant

NEVER ALONE

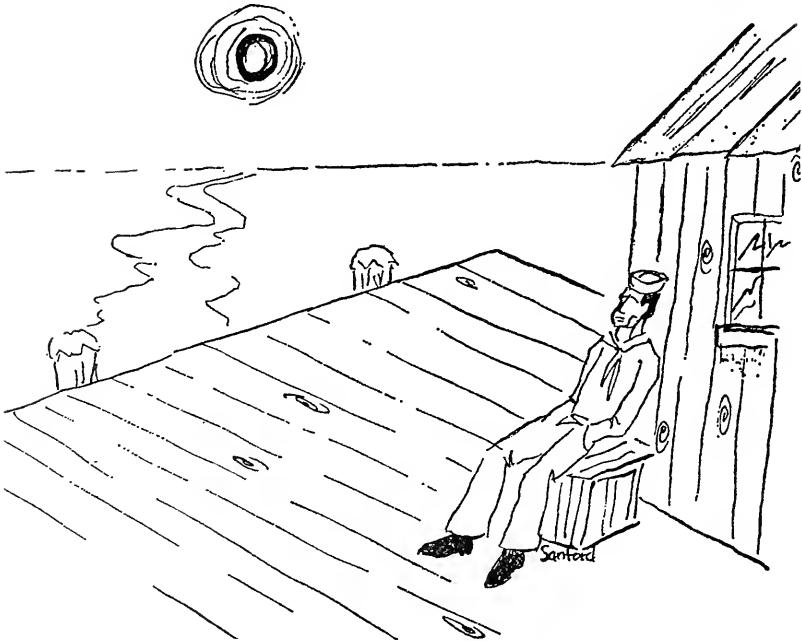
Here I am in a foreign land,
With only God to hold my hand.
All my loved ones are at home,
But with God I'm not alone.
My faith is tested day by day,
But in my heart Christ will stay.
With Artillery burst both day and night,
Christ's wondrous Cross is in my sight.
People fear when death is near,
With Christ so near I have no fear.
People pray for peace to come,
But only when Christ returns will peace really come.
I'm told we are here for freedom's sake,
Only it is to decide America's fate.
Weep not if I shall die,
Through Jesus Christ we will be united in the sky.

Richard C. Sears

ALONE AT NIGHT

Down by the dim harbor's light,
A sailor strolls through the night.
The day is over on the dock,
And for the sailor time passes
Slowly from the clock.
He sits and waits;
The night he hates.
Loneliness fills the night he cannot control.

Jimmy King



LONELINESS

Unknown places,
Unhappy faces;
A solitary room,
A moment of gloom;
A cry for help,
A helpless cry;
Laughing voices very distant,
Smiles only for an instant;
Everyone searching for a different way,
Loneliness closes in today.

Timothy Smith

IS IT FAIR?

Is it fair for this young man?
To fight, to kill, or die for his Mother Land?
He was fighting to set men free,
Now for his life he has to plea.
Is it fair for this young man?
He took his orders from his commander's hand.
He was sent to kill the enemy,
Now we fight to set him free.
Is it fair for this young man?
He lived, and learned to fight for his land.
Now by our court he is called guilty,
Because he killed to set men free.
Is it fair for this young man?
He sits in a cell for taking a stand,
To live or die for his Mother Land.
Now he could die, but on the other hand,
He could live if we take a stand.

Kenny Mills

BRAVE CHILDREN

Braver are the sons and daughters
Than their heroic father
Who sacrificed his life;
More courage lies in their innocent bosoms
Than the merciless warriors
Who created this horrible strife.
Countless battles have these tragic children known
While living daily
Upon this eternal battlefield;
Wars and threats of wars are their only legacy
While ceaseless wondering
When all will be killed.
Their brave father quickly gave his life
Thus removing his weary soul
From this man-made torment;
Yet his braver children must remain
To count the plotted graves
And sing their world's lament.

Charles Jennings

DEATH SAT BROODING

Death
Sat Brooding
Like a sullen child
Cradled in the arms
Of a self-proclaimed priest,
Who chose the victims of sacrifice
From a second floor window pulpit
By adjusting his cross hair sights
Slowly whispering an Offertory prayer,
Pressed the trigger
Then pronounced, "Amen".

Joy Marcus

CIRCLE IN TIME

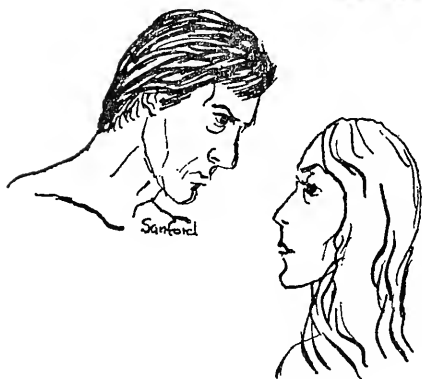
I awoke on the merry-go-round,
riding a plastic tiger (plastic organs
screaming for good they
would never get)

I dismounted
and was flung about until
I grabbed a seal (thirsty for water
it would never feel)

I pushed away from the piece of plastic
and jumped
but was repelled by the rubber tone
of the calliope player
I couldn't see his face
but I could feel his cellophane grin
as he punched his plastic keys

He never stopped grinning,
or playing,
as I rode around and around and around and
around
and I never stopped jumping.

D. Gayle Johnson



PARENTS

From early morn to the setting sun,
Their tasks of love are never done;
They share our hopes, our dreams, our plans,
Believe in us and understand.
And even when we're far apart,
They keep our interest in their hearts.
Their lives are perfect symbols of
Enduring and unselfish love.

Debbie Caddin

ALIVE FOR AWHILE

The rose in bloom,
A beauty to which words cannot do justice.
Loved by lovers of beauty.
But when it wilts . . .
Even the bum walks past.

Jimmy King

HAPPINESS

Happiness
Is as real
As today,
And
As elusive
As tomorrow.

Debbie Mellard

HURT LOVE: TWO

Self love can hurt in two ways.
Too much self love causes hate.
Not enough self love is just as bad.
One way others hate us . . .
The other we hate ourselves.

Jimmy King

LOVE AND UNDERSTANDING

Give me understanding to keep within
my heart
Through all of a hard day . . .
For understanding others will make
them happy,
In going their own ways.
Give me love to hold in my heart,
As months add up to years . . .
For loving hearts are helpful in
Saving grief and tears.
A heart that keeps one of these
Is rich with happiness untold . . .
But a heart that holds both of
these,
Will never grow very old.

Kristine Hooper

LOVE

Sighs are of air and
into the air they go.
Tears are of rain and
into the ocean they go.
Love is hope and then,
where will it go?

Carlos E. G. Pardo

LOVE IS A CUP

Love is a cup of honey and gall;
Drink slowly, for the dregs are
exceedingly bitter.

Elaine Compton

"LOVE IS never having to say you're sorry"

Angry words,
Spitefully spoken in haste
Result in what seems to be
An eternity of silence.
Regret follows
Accompanied by
Tears and unhappiness,
Frustration and miserableness.
Sleepless and thoughtful nights
Result in forgotten pride.
Standing shamefully face to face at last,
You reach out, not only for my hand,
But for my understanding too,
And with a gently squeeze of entwined fingers
You speak to me with your eyes,
And my heart hears your unspoken words
Of tenderness.
The look of love
Is enough for me,
For to have you once again
Is all I need.

Mary McCaskill

SHE

She comes to caress my lips
With overflowing love and care;
She sits lovingly upon my lap
While I muss up her hair.
She lays affection at my feet
For to her I am a king;
she never willingly hesitates;
All her love she brings.
She childishly whispers
Sweet words of love in my ears;
Her love knows no bounds;
It even brings forth tears.
She, with her passionate beauty
Crowned with radiant green eyes;
She, whose heart loves so deep;
She cries.

Charles Jennings



THE 15TH ROUND

Relentless lefts,
A futile right,
A helpless effort to win the fight.
Then came the thunder
Of a powerful left hook
That sent Ali to the canvas
And closed the book.
Up in four,
But still dazed;
His jaw swollen
His eyes glazed.
What happened to Ali?
Where did he go?
Now he's only history;
That we only know.

Dave Tollison



POEM 21

Home from my travels my father said to me,
Son, come sit here; tell me, what did you see.
I saw twelve tall mountains with trees all a-dyin'.
I heard seven faithful virgins whose tongues
were a-lyin'.
I saw ten thousand hammers and no sound
a-makin'.
I heard the minds think and the hearts all a-breakin'.
I saw seven great oceans with fire all upon them.
I heard the forests cry as the fires swallowed them.
I saw thousands lying dead and still others a-bleedin'.
I heard the trumpet call and the leaders still
a-leadin'.
I heard the bird sing and then drop down all broken.
I saw ten thousand talkers but nothing was spoken.
I heard thousands crying and others still wailing.
I saw over the waters the warships come sailing.
I heard the big guns and our cities all a-smokin'.
I saw rivers all dotted with bodies a-floatin'.
I heard the young babe cry and the dawn a-breakin'.
I saw a great lover who in hatred was forsaken.
I heard God a-talkin' and no one a-listenin'.

Frank Welch

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